



The WOMAN and the DOCTOR.

ONCE on a time, a blear-ey'd Dame,
The Patient of a Sage became,
Who had,---besides the art of *healing*,
Another sort of art call'd *stealing*!
So that whene'er his drugs he ply'd,
Something his loss of time supply'd;

Till

Till by degrees, repeated *theft*,
Had in the apartment nothing left.
At last when Madam's eyes were mended,
The Doctor who so close attended,
Priding himself that he could see,
With eager haste demands his fee.
' Hold, quoth the *Dame*, to my poor purse
' No right have you--my *sight*: grown worse;
' In former days, though almost blind,
' I things of worth could see and find;
' But now my sight's restor'd to me,
' I nothing in my room can see.'

*Succeeding wrongs will quite efface
All memory of former grace.*